

O D E,
ON THE
B I R T H - D A Y
O F

HIS MAJESTY, GEORGE III^d,

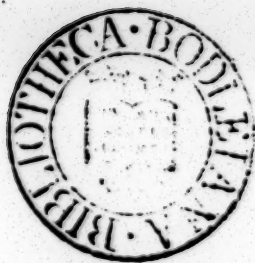
King of Great Britain, &c.

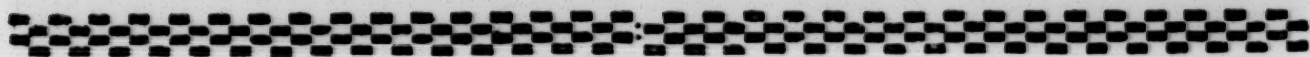
By CHARLES FRANCIS BADINI.

*“ Propositum est mihi Principem Laudare, non Principis
“ facta : nam laudabilia multa etiam mali faciunt ; ipse lau-
“ dari, nisi OPTIMUS non potest.”*

C. Plin. Pan. Traj. dict. Lvi.

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MDCCXCI.





O D E.



I.

'T IS a fond trance, like Hesiod's dream ;
My Soul's inspir'd, on Pegasus I fly ;
A God-like MONARCH is my theme :
O GEORGE, to reach thy worth, I mount the Sky ;
The Clouds I shoot, the Winds I ride ;
Fame flies before, and is my guide :
Envy and Death, with all the ghastly train
Of mortal cares, pursue my flight in vain.

II.

II.

And now I see the blissful plains,
 The Sacred Majesty of Jove appears !
 Celestial Orpheus aid my strains,
 Attune the Harp, while Angels move the Spheres :
 Let all the Holy Spirits join,
 To raise the Harmony divine ;
 Let all Mankind resound our MONARCH'S Birth,
 Who blest with Peace and Freedom the whole Earth.

III.

Rejoice BRITANNIA : to thy Lord
 Burn up the incense of thy grateful praise ;
 His fortitude has broke the Sword
 Of all thy Rivals : his unerring ways,
 Of Liberty the Nectar gave ;
 And he made Victory thy slave ;
 Humble on thee, the noblest Triumphs wait,
 And justify the Pride that calls Thee Great.

IV.

IV.

Immortal KING, thy glorious Fate
Young Ammon shar'd, but stain'd with human blood;
Demons and Furies stile him Great,
While peaceful, smiling Angels call thee Good:
To blefs thy Country, thy chief Plan,
And to protect the Rights of Man:
'Tis Heav'n has crown'd thee Monarch: Right Divine
Is Blasphemy through all the Realms but thine.

V.

Philosophy, that strives to free
The World from Bondage, from the Tyrant's rod,
Bends to thy Throne, and finds in Thee
The sacred Representative of God;
To teach the perfect Monarch's art,
She points the Goodness of thy Heart:
O let all Princes imitate thy Grace,
To save and blefs for e'er the Human race!

VI.

VI.

The Laws, on thy Majestic Brow,
 Like lovely Cherubs, hold thy triple Crown ;
 Thy Wisdom makes all Blessings flow,
 The wond'rous Manna now again rains down,
 Instead of Thunderbolts, thy Hand
 Diffuses Mercy through the Land ;
 Justice and Truth, out of thy Goodness grown,
 Stand the Nemæan Lions of thy Throne.

VII.

Prosperity, her golden smile
 Ne'er shew'd as in thy Reign ; thy Royal Head,
 To set the glories of this Isle,
 Like Jupiter, brought forth the blue-ey'd Maid ;
 The Goddess, to display her Wit,
 Assum'd th' Immortal Name of PITT.
 A STATESMAN, wiser in the Bloom of Age,
 And more experienc'd than the Pylian Sage.

VIII.

VIII.

Thy Confort suits with Cæsar's Mind,
 Blameless, unblam'd, by Calumny forgot :
 No prying Telescope could find
 In her effulgent Rays a single Spot :
 Her noble Heart, born for the Throne
 Th' Immortals fram'd out of thy own ;
 With many Stars, the Mirrors of her Grace,
 She rais'd the Brightness of the BRUNSWICK RACE.

IX.

Thou needst no Sword to watch thy Pow'r,
 Fear is disarm'd of all her poison'd Stings ;
 The People's Love, the firmest Tow'r,
 Secures the true Divinity of Kings :
 Hence free from Clouds, thy Reign serene
 Presents the bright Olympian Scene,
 E'en bold Therfites' turbulence stands mute,
 Tam'd by thy Goodness, as by Orpheus' Lute.

X.

Yet lo! bent on seditious Strife,
WALCOT, the Ravaillac of Virtue Crown'd,
Sharpens a Lyre, like frantic Margaret's Knife,
Thy gracious Majesty to wound!
Pander of Treason, lost to Shame!
Of PINDAR he usurps the Name,
And while he tries to cloud thy Beams Divine,
The Dogg'rel Wretch blasphemes the sacred Nine.

XI.

His Rhymes, the Rattle of a Snake,
Still want the Poison of their Parent Beast,
Contempt and Pity they awake,
The stinking Worms of Lethe born to feast.
I know, the sacred British Laws
Are eager to defend thy Cause,
But Measures mild thy pious Thoughts supply,
And make thy heart averse to hurt a Fly.

XII.

XII.

Religion, ruler of thy Thoughts,
 Leads thee to scorn the Machiavellian Art ;
 Thy Charity's a Cover to our Faults,
 And Mercy fits implanted in thy Heart :
 By thee Prerogative withstood
 Serves but to fix the Public Good ;
 In thee a Father all thy Subjects find,
 Thou art the Righteous King of Zeno's Mind.

XIII.

Could but thy Life, thou best of Kings,
 For e'er preserve thy sacred precious Breath,
 And like thy Virtues, on the Wings
 Of glorious Fame, fly from the Snares of Death !
 But Kings must reach the Stygian shore :
 The Sun himself shall rise no more.
 Thy Years so dear, alas ! shall cease to roll,
 And the grim Cave eclipse thy radiant Soul.

XIV.

XIV.

O let the Hand of Clotho stay
Her barb'rous function, till the ripest Age
Bring forth fair England's fatal Day,
Of Libitina then to blunt the Rage,
On a bright Pyramid of Fame,
Eternity shall write thy Name ;
While hoary TIME, to warn all future Kings,
Shall stamp thy glorious Image on his Wings.

T H E E N D.

